

I WISH THAT I COULD FLY.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED & ENT. STA. HALL.  
ACCORDING TO ACT OF PARLMT



I only wish that I could take and fly, fly, fly!  
Up on the mountain tops so high, high, high!  
My life would be all honey, cos I'd take up all my money!  
And along with Jenny Jones I'd live and die, die, die!

WRITTEN & COMPOSED BY

**F. W. EGERTON,**

SUNG WITH THE GREATEST SUCCESS BY

**GEORGE LEYBOURNE.**

LONDON: HOPWOOD & CREW, 42, NEW BOND ST W.

STANNARD & SON, 7, POLAND ST

ca 1860





# "I WISH THAT I COULD FLY."

Written Composed and also Sung by  
FRANK W. EGERTON.

Arranged by  
M. HOBSON.

MODERATO. *f*

I once was ve-ry hap-py, but I'm now so ve-ry sad..... My

*mf*



dis - appointment is so great, it near - ly drives me mad.... A

mountain maid who lives in Wales, a Gip - sy Girl so fair.... Quite

won my heart last sum - mer, when I happen'd to be there.....

**CHORUS.**

I on - ly wish that I could take and fly, fly, fly! Up



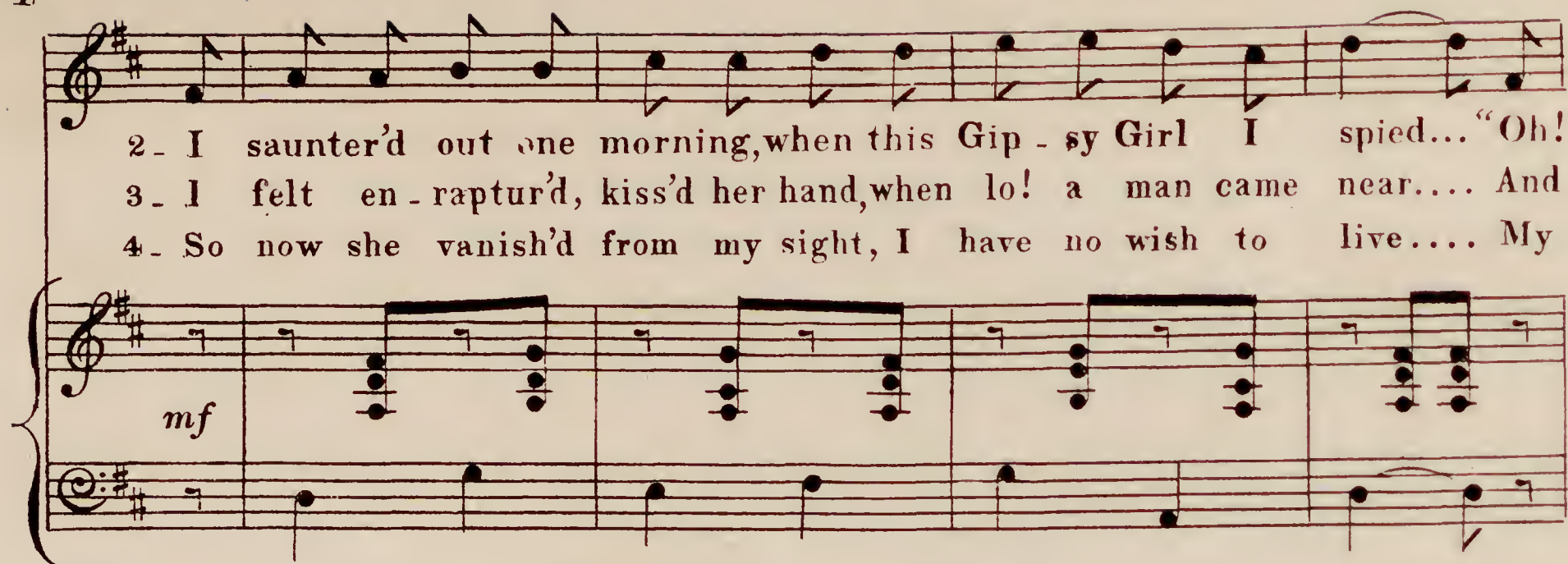
on the moun-tain tops so high, high, high! My

life would be all hon-ey, cos I'd take up all my mon-ey, And a-

long with Jen--ny Jones I'd live and die, die, die!

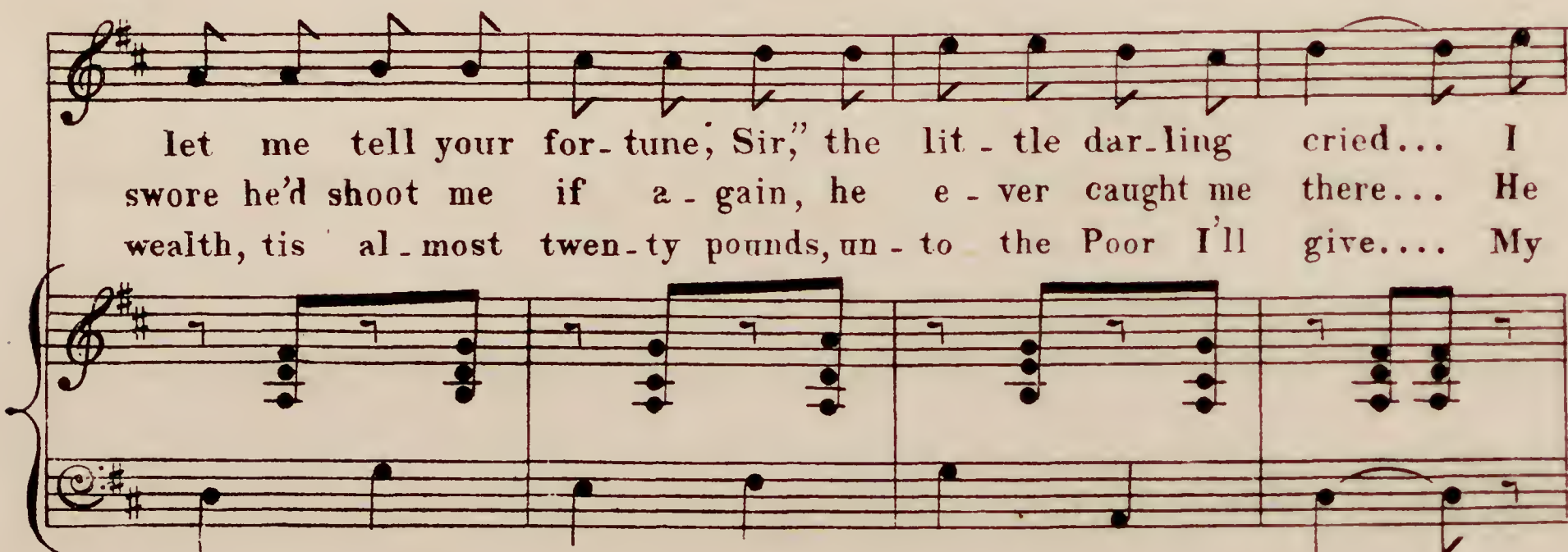
*f*





2- I saunter'd out one morning, when this Gip - sy Girl I spied... "Oh!  
 3- I felt en - raptur'd, kiss'd her hand, when lo! a man came near.... And  
 4- So now she vanish'd from my sight, I have no wish to live.... My

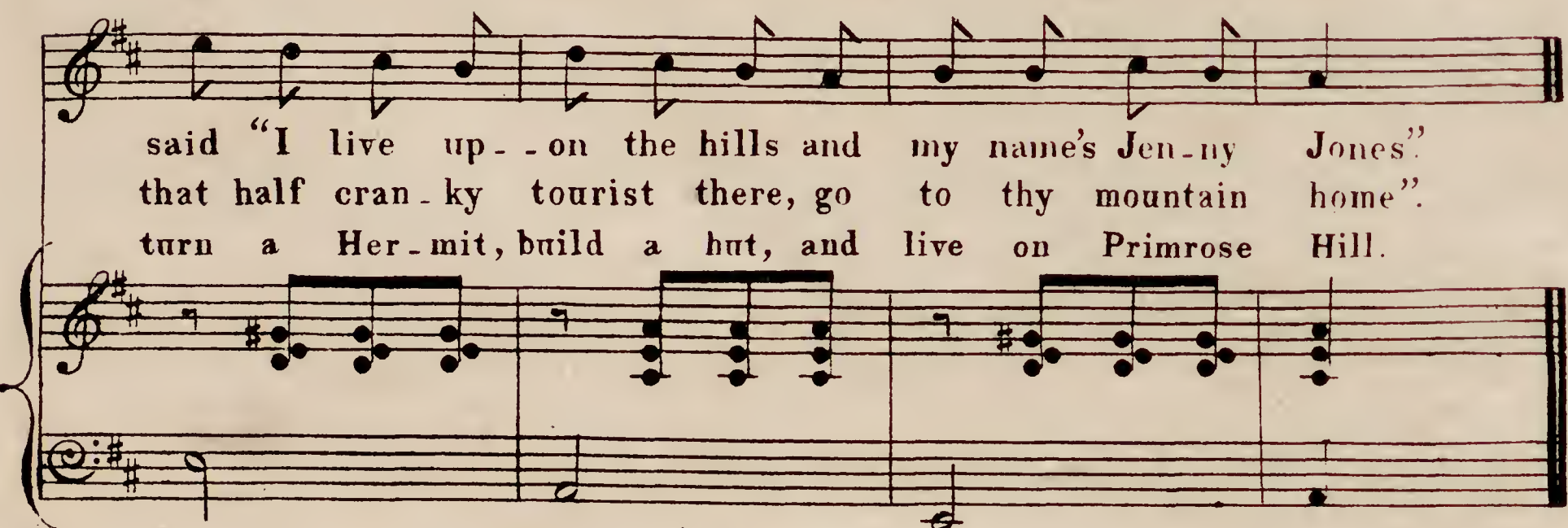
*mf*



let me tell your for - tune, Sir," the lit - tle dar - ling cried... I  
 swore he'd shoot me if a - gain, he e - ver caught me there... He  
 wealth, tis al - most twen - ty pounds, un - to the Poor I'll give.... My



said "fair maid - en what's thy name," when in an - ge - lic tones... She  
 tore the maid - en from my arms, and then to her said "come.... Leave  
 fur - ni - ture, one wood - en stool, I'll leave my bro - ther Will.... I'll



said "I live up - - on the hills and my name's Jen - ny Jones"  
 that half cran - ky tourist there, go to thy mountain home".  
 turn a Her - mit, build a hut, and live on Primrose Hill.



CHORUS.

5

I on - ly wish that I could take and fly, fly, fly! Up

on the moun - tain tops so high, high, high! My

life would be all hon - ey, cos I'd take up all my mon - ey, And a -

long with Jen - ny Jones I'd live and die, die, die!

*f*



# LATEST COMIC SONGS,

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*And introduced in all the Burlesques of the Day.*

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	SUNG BY	s.	d.
Shy, Shy, dreadfully Shy .....	Leybourne .....	3	0
I fancy I've seen you before .....	Coyne .....	3	0
On the Parade .....	Vance .....	3	0
Girl what I calls mine .....	Vance .....	3	6
Bold Fisherman.....	Leybourne .....	3	0
Gymnastic Wife.....	Leybourne .....	3	0
Mother says I musn't .....	Leybourne .....	3	0
Who'd be the Prince of Wales?.....	French.....	3	0
Cock-a-doodle-do .....	E. Righton.....	3	0
Courting in the Rain .....	A. St. Vincent .....	3	0
Strolling on the Sands .....	Leybourne .....	3	0
After me.....	Leybourne .....	3	0
Awfully Clever.....	Leybourne .....	3	0
I wish that I could fly.....	Leybourne .....	3	0
Billy Johnson's Ball.....	Coyne.....	3	0
After the Opera.....	Leybourne .....	3	0
If ever I cease to love .....	Leybourne .....	3	0
Old Brown's Daughter.....	Vance .....	3	0
Afternoon Crawl.....	Vance .....	3	0
A starry night for a ramble.....	Bagnall.....	3	0
That's where you make the mistake .....	Leybourne .....	3	0

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